

20 1851
Patriotism.

A

DISCOURSE

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY,

ON THEIR

CCXIII ANNIVERSARY.

BY REV. T. S. KING.

BOSTON:

A. TOMPKINS, 38 CORNHILL.

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WILLIAM A. HALL, PRINTER,
22 School Street, Boston.

ARMORY ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY,

Boston, 2d June, 1851.

DEAR SIR,

At a meeting of the ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY, held at the Armory, this evening, it was voted unanimously that the thanks of the Company be presented to the Rev. THOMAS STARR KING for his eloquent, patriotic, and instructive discourse, delivered before his Excellency the Governor, other distinguished guests, and the Company, this day; and that a copy of the same be requested for publication. The past officers of the Company were appointed a committee, to carry this vote into effect, and, as late commander, and chairman of the committee, I have the honor to communicate the above votes to you, and solicit your compliance with the wishes of the Company.

I am, Sir, most respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

ISAAC H. WRIGHT.

REV. T. S. KING,

Pastor of the Hollis Street Society, Boston.

Boston, June 4, 1851.

DEAR SIR,

In reply to your note advising me of the vote of the Company, let me say that the manuscript of the discourse is at your service.

With great respect,

Your obedient servant,

T. S. KING.

HON. ISAAC H. WRIGHT.

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DISCOURSE.

"FOR I COULD WISH THAT MYSELF WERE ACCURSED FROM CHRIST FOR MY BRETHREN, MY KINSMEN ACCORDING TO THE FLESH: WHO ARE ISRAELITES; TO WHOM PERTAINETH THE ADOPTION, AND THE GLORY, AND THE COVENANTS, AND THE GIVING OF THE LAW, AND THE SERVICE OF GOD, AND THE PROMISES; WHOSE ARE THE FATHERS, AND OF WHOM, AS CONCERNING THE FLESH, CHRIST CAME."—*Romans ix. 3, 4, 5.*

WE shall not, I presume, gentlemen, be out of harmony with the proprieties and spirit of this occasion, if, yielding to the suggestions of the Apostle's words, we consider the sentiment and duties of *Patriotism*.

It has been questioned by some, whether there is any such distinct virtue as Patriotism. Not a few moralists have indulged suspicions as to the harmony of such a passion with the soul's integrity. Many Christians have openly denied its consistency with the moral temper which the New Testament would inspire; while others have strenuously urged that it is the very royal grace of character, and oversweeps all virtues. There is a sliding scale of judgements as to its legitimacy and worthiness, reaching from the declaration of Dr. Johnson, that "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel," to that of Cicero, that it is a duty more sacred than the filial tie.

In abstract controversy we may dispute, with some plausibility, the moral healthiness of the sentiment, and may not be able to free it from all haze, and discern its disc, but the living world braces the mind and refutes its skepticism. History refuses to countenance the analytic ethics of spiritual dreamers. It thrusts upon our notice Leonidas, Tell, Camillus, Hampden, Winkelried, Scipio, Lafayette, Adams, Bolivar, and Washington, in whom the sentiment has become

flesh, and gathered to itself the world's affection and honors. An honest heart cannot help feeling, when it reads their biographies, that their line of greatness is as legitimate as that of poets, philosophers, philanthropists, and priests. We cannot be so sure that the principles which would expunge their names from the world's honorable regard, or throw suspicion upon their virtue, are right, as we ought to be that the result is wrong and base, and therefore, that the principles must be false.

The virtue of Patriotism has been provided for, and is expected of us, by nature. Some moralists, as we have already intimated, have condemned all private and restricted affections, as inconsistent with the law of universal love. They argue that our love must be for *being* in general, and must be proportioned by the moral worth of the object, without regard to relationships, ties, and personal associations. But they only argue against nature. The method of Providence in evoking our spiritual sentiments is always from particulars to generals. God "hath set the solitary in families," and bound the families into communities, and organized communities into nations; and he has ordained special duties for each of these relationships, and inspired affections to prompt the discharge of them, and to ennoble the character.

The law of love is the principle of the spiritual universe, just as the force of gravity is the governing law of space. It binds each particle of matter to every other particle, but it attracts inversely according to the square of the distance, and thus becomes practically a series of special and local forces, holding our feet constantly and irresistibly to one globe, and allowing only a general unity, which the mind appropriates through science and meditation, with the far off and kindred spheres. The soul that has most of the universal Christian sentiment of love, will have the most intense special affections. We cannot love the whole world and nobody in particular. However deep the baptism of the spirit in general good will, a man must look with a thrill of love

that nothing else can awaken, into the face of the mother that bore him; he cannot resolve the ties that bind him to filial responsibilities and a brother's devotion; and so Providence has ordained that, out of identity of race, a common history, the same scenery, literature, and laws, though in perfect harmony with a sense of good will to all men, the wider family feeling, the distinctive virtue, Patriotism should spring. If the ancient Roman could believe that the yellow Tiber was the river dearest to heaven; if the Englishman can see a grandeur in the Thames which its size will not suggest; if the Alpine storm-wind is a familiar home-song to the Swiss mountaineer; if the Laplander believes that his country is the best the sun shines upon; if the sight of our nation's flag in other lands awakens sentiments that speed the blood, and melt the eyes; if the poorest man feels a proud consciousness of property in the great deeds that glow upon his country's annals, and the monuments of its power and glory; let us confess that the heart of man was made to contract a special friendship for its native soil, its kindred stock, and its ancestral traditions, and that where the sentiment of Patriotism is not deep, a sacred affection is absent, an essential element of virtue is wanting, and religion barren of one great witness of its sway.

I know it has been said that the Bible does not justify and commend Patriotism, in any of its precepts. No, but it sanctions and illustrates it by splendid examples. The prime instructions of the Old Testament are Patriotism and the fear of God. They blended in the heart of Moses. In the wilderness he bore the Hebrew people in his heart. Religious patriotism stimulated his genius, supported him in perplexities, and made the desert green. When at last he stood upon Mount Pisgah, and looked upon that rich landscape of Palestine, which his sand-stained feet must not press, its loveliness wore a tinge of beauty, which the sun-beams could not shed, from the thought that there the ignorant people for

whom he had toiled should have a home, and begin their mysterious mission among the nations of the earth.

The story of Samuel, whose heart, will, prayers, wisdom, and virtue were for his countrymen, is a lesson of Patriotism. Pointing to that name, the Jew may now dispute with us, against the career of Washington, for the honor of giving to the race the model patriot. When we pronounce the name of David, we think of the enthusiasm that wielded the hero's sword, and touched the poet's harp, for the glory of his nation. Nobler than his military valor, was the ambition that urged him to rouse the dormant genius of his land, and to enshrine and celebrate its hallowed memories in odes and jubilant hymns. From his heart burst the gush of feeling which the Christian Church now uses as the expression of a spiritual patriotism,—“Pray for the peace of Jerusalem, they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companion's sake, I will now say peace be within thee.” And it is in the Psalms that we read the touching lament, as from the heart of Patriotism itself,—“How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning . . . let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.”

In the prophecies, too, the authority of God and the evil of sin are blended inseparably with aspirations for the glory of Israel. A prophet could not brace his breast to denounce an impending woe, without casting his eye farther on, and hailing the light of future national eminence, which made his heart swell with reverent pride, and in which the darkness of the threatened judgement melted away. Although the highest office of Revelation is to point to, and prepare us for, the “better country, even the heavenly,” no one can rightly read the pages of the Bible, without catching enthusiasm for his earthly country, the land of his fathers, the shelter of his infancy, the hope of his children.

Do we not read that even he whose love embraced the whole race in its scope, the eternal and impartial Love made flesh, who pronounced the parable of the good Samaritan, and shed the warmth of that spirit, through his life, into the frosty air of human sentiment, felt more keenly the alienation of his countrymen according to the flesh, than he felt the spear-point and the nails, and paused over the beautiful city of David to utter a lament whose burden swept away the prospect of his own lowering destiny,—“O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, . . . how often would I have gathered your children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold your house is left unto you desolate.”

When we say that the Bible justifies and encourages Patriotism, we virtually say that it is a sentiment subject to the sway of the moral law, requiring, like all our natural instincts, guidance, Christian light and training. There are base theories about the superiority of this sentiment to any Christian limitations. There are base counterfeits of the sentiment itself. It is not the pugilistic passion, that estimates glory solely by battle-fields, weighs national worth by vigor of muscle, and culls the anthology of its bloody traditions into a sort of “Pirate's own book,” by which its brutal appetite is nourished. It is not the senseless sentimentalism that so often with us, on public occasions, finds literary expression in tawdry rhetoric, flaccid apostrophes, and sophomoric gasconade, and which has sometimes raised the problem before sensitive minds, whether on the whole, the service of our national holiday to liberty compensates for its debauching influence on literary taste.

The Patriotism that is a virtue, and that ennobles character, is a spirit of devotion to one's country, from a purified instinct and for purposes of enlightened benefit. It is nursed and hallowed by Christian principle, and draws to its aid all the resources of genius. It is a *constructive* quality, quickening the intellect by its love of country to zealous ambition to

improve it and raise it higher. It is an imaginative sentiment. Imagination is essential to its vigor. It comprehends hills, streams, plains, and valleys, in a broad conception, and from traditions and institutions,—from all the life of the past and the vigor and noble tendencies of the present, it individualizes the destiny and personifies the spirit of its land, and then vows its vow to that. So that it is of the very essence of true Patriotism to be earnest and truthful, to scorn the flatterer's tongue, and strive to keep its native land in harmony with the laws of national thrift and power. It will tell a land of its faults, as a friend will counsel a companion; it will speak as honestly as the physician advises a patient; and if occasion requires, an indignation will flame out of its love, like that which burst from the lips of Moses when he returned from the mountain, and found the people to whom he had revealed the holy and austere Jehovah, and for whom he would cheerfully have sacrificed his life, worshipping a calf.

The distinctive feature of true Patriotism, is that it is pledged to *the idea* which one's native country represents. It does not accept and glory in its country merely for what it is at present, and has been in the past, but for what it may be. Each nation has a representative value. Each race, that has appropriated a certain latitude which harmonizes with its blood, has the capacity to work out *special* good results, and reveal great truths in some *distinctive* forms. God designs that each country shall wear a peculiar ideal physiognomy, and He has set its geographical characteristics as a bony skeleton, and breathed into it a free life-spirit which, if loyal to the divine intention, will keep the blood in health, infuse vigor into every limb, give symmetry to the form, and carry the flush of a pure and distinct expression to the countenance. It is the patriot's office to study the laws of public growth and energy, and strive with enthusiastic love to guard against every disease that would cripple the resources of the frame, and thus prevent the lineaments of vice and brutality from

degrading the face, which God would have radiant with truth, genius, and purity.

He was the best patriot of ancient Greece who had the widest and wisest conception of the capacities and genius of Greece, and labored to paint that ideal winningly before the national mind, and to direct the flame of national aspiration, fanned by its heroic memories, up to the noblest possibilities of Grecian endeavor. The truest patriot of England would be the man whose mind should see in the English genius and geography, what it could do naturally and best for humanity, and seizing on the traditional elements that are in harmony with that possibility, use them to enliven its own sympathies, and quicken the nation's energy. A pure forward look is essential to Patriotism. The patriot must express the genius of his land in miniature.

From this point we see the patriotism of Paul. His countrymen denounced him. They said that he had cut the ties which bound him to his race, because he preached that Moses was not the highest and final religious teacher. He slighted the temple-worship, and labored zealously for the new sect of Nazarenes, and the Jews, wherever he travelled, echoed the cry of the priestly party in Jerusalem, that he was a traitor to the traditions of his fathers, and an enemy of the Hebrews. But the noblest patriotic spirit was in him. In that respect, he may be safely copied by those who love their country, in every age. He saw what was the mission of the Hebrew race. He read clearly God's hieroglyphic message to them, written over the face of their providential past. He saw that they were an organized hope; that they existed to bear new religions from their bosom, and send forth at last, the perfect faith that should sway and mould the world. He saw that it was to be their glory to lose themselves, in the benefit they carried to the nations, as the snow upon the mountain-tops melts into the rills that dispense fertility to many meadows. Paul did not believe that he could improve God's design in raising the chosen nation,

or could permanently alter it. And in working for the cause he adopted, in preferring the then despised Messiah to the pomp of the ritual faith and the decrees of the Sanhedrim, he was in the line of sympathy with the patriotism of the past. The Apostle to the Gentiles, in taking a course so radical, which diverged so widely from the popular path, was the purest Hebrew,—in truth the very “Pharisee of the Pharisees,” for he was on the track which God designed the whole nation to take, and was laboring to perfect for his countrymen the promises and aspirations which, for ages, through prophets and poets, had burst from the nation’s heart. Paul was so loyal to his people that he braved their ignorance and bigotry in order to secure the fulfilment of the national calling, and so attached to his blood and race as to feel keenly his isolation from their sympathy, and to be willing to sacrifice himself,—every thing but his country’s mission,—even to be “accursed from Christ, for his brethren, his kinsmen according to the flesh.”

We may well lament that so many counterfeits of this noble virtue have brought the reality into suspicion; that those who have arrogated it, have so often shown only the qualities of the demagogue, and under its sanction thrown off allegiance to truth and righteousness; for in our own land, in this juncture of human history, and especially in this crisis of our own national experience, we need the virtue of Patriotism. We need it as an offshoot from the spirit of reverence to God and of Christian consecration. We have every thing in our position, our history, our advantages and calling, to justify, stimulate, and foster such a feeling. The old Jew could exclaim proudly, even in times of calamity, “he hath not dealt so with any nation,” and could thank God more fervently than for all more private mercies, that he was born a Jew. If he travelled into any other country, he went trailing the glory of a miraculous past, that dwarfed the visible magnificence of the monuments amid which he stood, and with the thrill of cheering prophecies in his breast.

Were we to select the two lines of history that afford the most striking evidence of divine guidance in the affairs of men, they should be, first, the record of the Patriarchal, Jewish, and Christian religions in their successive developments; and, secondly, the history of America from its discovery, down through the persecution of the Puritans, the life of Washington, the war of Independence, and the siege of Yorktown, to the treaty of Paris. The Jewish race were guided and guarded, that a universal religion might issue from their genius. Our land seems consecrated to the office of bearing a just and faultless polity that shall educate the world. Step by step, we may parallel the providential mercies of the one history by those of the other. The call of Abraham to a new region, which God would reclaim from barbarism and make the centre of healthful and lasting influences upon humanity, has its echo in the call of Columbus, in whose brain the two hemispheres were welded into a globular idea. The leading of the Israelites through the Red Sea has a counterpart in the division of the waves, to let the little Mayflower, with its precious freight of principles and souls, sail safely through the winter storms. And the line of Hebrew heroes who fought for a great hope, and of prophets who towered at intervals from the landscape of the nation’s life, and sent up into literature the flame of the nation’s aspiration, are not dishonored, if we compare with them the heroic men of our own history who labored for a hope, and “builded better than they knew,” and the seers whose minds have glowed with the American idea.

Here we are, successors of noble men, heirs of a providential past. Every thing in our history incites to Patriotism. The winds would fan it into activity. Every page of our annals preaches it. The man who cannot thank God he was born an American, is undeserving the blessing of such birth. That consciousness, enlivening the sensibilities, should equalize fortunes. The poor man should not feel poor when he thinks that his humble roof and circumstances are sheltered

by a canopy of ideas and sentiments, such as never before arched over any palace of the world. If the humblest Catholic feels pride in being one member of a community that stretches from Andes to the Indus, and which has Christ for its founder and heaven for its goal, the lowliest citizen of this land should feel it an immense enlargement of his being,—an enlargement which mere wealth could never give,—that he has partnership in the mission of a people, along whom God is pouring the best life of the past, enriched with additional streams of inspiration, solicited by our own genius, into the future. For the tendrils of our blessings stretch far out into the centuries, and twine around the most precious elements of history to draw nourishment. The human race is vitally one, and whatsoever is eminent and best, in any line of social manifestation, is somehow connected with other and distant portions of the common body; as the topmost branch of a tree bears life that is due, in part, to the health and fidelity of juices in the root, and as the wave that foams upon the shore discharges an undulation that began far out upon the sea.

Our country is foremost in the line of public justice and orderly freedom, and therefore all the influences which, in distant lands and former centuries, supported and quickened those principles, are somehow represented in the social blessings we enjoy. All that former thinkers have done to justify the principle of freedom, and heroes have achieved against the oppressions of despotism, and martyrs have suffered for their perilous love of liberty; all the stimulus which religion, in the past, has given to the heart's reverence for right and the hand's loyalty to truth; all that eloquence has done to make tyranny tremble, and fan the popular sense of justice to a flame; all that literature has preserved, in treatise, song, or drama, of past devotion to liberty, and longing for its triumph, are related, and have contributed, to our success in the structure of a social polity. We may properly enjoy the pride, if we will be faithful to the privilege, of bearing in our

institutions the best thought and life of the past, concerning public justice and social welfare.

Well did our eminent statesman say in a public address in Boston, a few weeks since, "if a man is living here who has not an American heart in his bosom, let him tear it out." Surely if there is a man in this land who deliberately slights the sentiment of patriotism, and is conscious of no pride in his country, as a distinct affection, no devotion to his country, no feeling of deep interest in his country in unsettled times and shadowed hours, no impulse to sacrifice himself and all personal interests for his country's benefit, he has a heart that needs to be waked from paralysis and inspired with gratitude by religion itself.

And it is a striking glory of our land that the patriotism it asks for, is of the highest stamp. The sentiment must here be stripped of every quality which has hitherto brought it into suspicion, or it cannot be American. If a person is afraid of narrowing his soul by cherishing any restricted affection, we offer him here a domain whose breadth is from Aroostook to San Francisco, and its depth from Minnesota to the reefs of Florida; and if this area is not large enough, and does not comprehend needs and interests enough, to satisfy his affectional hunger and exhaust the philanthropic resources of his heart, he has a genius for love that would justify the description once given by a countryman of ours of the boundless aspirations of the soul, "we wake in the morning with an appetite that could take in the solar system like a cake; we stretch out our hand to grasp the morning star, and wrestle with Orion." To a mind of ordinary capacity, the extent of our territory and the various needs of our population, furnish as fine a temptation, certainly, as can well be offered, for the exercise of the sentiment of *universal brotherhood*.

And when we define Patriotism as the sentiment of devotion to the *idea* which a nation is called to typify, we strip American patriotism of every element which makes it possi-

ble in a selfish demagogue, or repulsive to the most sensitive Christian mind. For *three* things are plainly indicated in the characteristics and posture of our country, as portion of the divine intention, and of the divine instructions to us. *First*, God has placed us on a fresh continent, separated by oceans from the ambition, plans, interference, and diplomacy of the old world, with no enemy near us, in order that we may read in our position the instruction to sheathe the sword and live in *peace*. The war-spirit and the patriotism that cherishes it, are denounced with sufficient intensity for their barbarity and shamelessness in other lands, by the temper of the gospel; but with us *geography* also denounces them, and declares them to be the very idiocy of ruffianism. As though sick of blood, and the order and civilization it purchases, heaven has colonized this land and whispered to us solemnly,—let sundered Europe drench itself with gore, if it cannot learn the economy and beauty of friendship, but here the sword should be unknown. Offensive war cannot be justified here on any pretence. You are strong enough to be magnanimous in controversies, to appeal to arbitration in complicated diplomacy, to suffer wrong in cases of pecuniary and material interest, and exhibit the grace of endurance and forgiveness. History will adjudge you guilty of the last abomination, if you draw the sword,—and thus contribute to debauch still further the code of honor among nations,—in any other crisis than the final necessity of self-defence against invasion, and the call thus to defend your commissioned ideas.

And *secondly*, the Almighty has given us a domain that may be the seed-field of the globe, mines that may enrich all nations, and streams that should fill the air with the hum of wheels, and thus has sought to redeem us from the appetite for territorial aggrandizement, and has consecrated us to every art and all varieties of industry. He has written upon every prairie, and enscrolled by the winds upon the surface of every lake and river, the command to beat swords into

ploughshares, and spears into pruning hooks, and to turn all the genius that is capable of being wasted in military art, to a scientific contest with the rocks that bar the free communion of traffic, and the mountains that interpose to make enemies of states.

And, *thirdly*, God has entrusted to us the idea of political equality, and of the citizen as superior to the state, for whose culture the state exists, and has commanded us to unfold it, and exhaust its capacity of developement in progressive institutions. *Peace, industry, and cultured freedom* are the warp of our country's mission, and there can be no patriotism on these shores that does not acknowledge them, seek to deepen the passion of our people for them, extend their blessings and confirm their sway. The temper of our public spirit should befit, by its calmness, breadth, justice, and comprehensiveness, the scale of the land we represent and rule. "To men legislating for the area between two oceans, betwixt the snows and the tropics, somewhat of the gravity of nature will infuse itself into the code. It seems so easy for America to inspire and express the most expansive and humane spirit, —new-born, fresh, healthful, strong, the land of the laborer, of the democrat, of the philanthropist, of the believer, of the saint, she should speak for the human race."

Patriotism is unselfish devotion to the idea of a nation, its heaven inspired soul, its representative office and mission. And any thing lower than this form of it here, any interpretation of it that would make it equivalent to a defence of every act of every administration, even when that act does violence to the spirit of our history and the providential pointings of our call, is a disgrace to ourselves, an abuse of a noble word, and an offence before God. If a country such as ours is to raise no loftier, no more heroic type of national virtue than that, our fertile zones will indeed be barren of attractive fruit. Then we may say, here is America, but where are the Americans? Then,

"When we climb our mountain cliffs,
Or see the wide shore from our skiffs,
To us the horizon shall express
Mere emptiness and emptiness.
And to our eyes the vast skies fall
Dire and satirical
On clucking hens and prating fools,
On thieves, on drudges, and on dolls;
For nature has miscarried wholly
Into failure, into folly."

Moreover, a lower type of patriotism than that of insight into, and devotion to the representative, or ideal country of which our land is the projection, with us is little less than suicide. Never was there a people whom it so behooved to be patriotic in the highest sense, for our patriotism is daily passing into fact, and becoming part of the nation's substance. We vote it, we speak it, we incarnate it in the men we select to act for us. New states, almost while we are reading these pages, are rising to have a voice in the highest councils of the Republic, and from their ideas of what this country is for, and from the quality of their passion for it, the institutions are springing which will mould, or powerfully control, the budding intellect that will soon be on the stage. We are living for the future. It doth not yet appear what we shall be. We can say only that we are a mass of tendencies. And the sentiment of patriotism that obtains, is breathing, year by year, the life-element or the death-element into the structure of our land.

We have said that the form of patriotism which could harbor in the most Christian breast is called for, and is the only one that is justified by the situation and the *manifest destiny* of our country. We may also say that such a form of patriotism is nourished and expected by the traditions upon which the lower forms of patriotism usually feed. It is a beautiful fact that the record and the memories of our revolutionary strife foster all grades of the patriotic sentiment. They stir the blood and quicken the brain. They thrill the senses and satisfy the imagination. The plain of Concord, where "the embat-

tled farmers stood," and the shaft that overlooks the metropolis from a neighboring city, tell a story that awakens a love of country in the plough-boy, while they quicken the faith of the Christian and the philosopher in the reality of principles, the influence of heroic self-sacrifice that counts no cost, and the power of ideas. The non-resistant peace-man, though his ear would throb with pain to hear the roar of musketry, that disturbed the air about us, seventy-five years ago, loves the sweet, bodiless echoes it has brought, and still wakens in that depth of time. And while the passions of the caucus in Middlesex have, doubtless, been often stirred to the worst dregs, by appeals to what the fathers did when the country was in danger, no finer eloquence has vivified the air of the national Senate-Hall, than the simple exclamation, "there is Lexington, and Concord, and Bunker Hill, and there they will remain forever." The unreflective man is thrilled with the contagious enthusiasm of our ancestors, who would not be trampled on by tyranny, and who put their lives in their hands to assert their rights. The great thinker sees the meaning of those three spots in the stormy history of the world, and how ideas were liberated from the shock of steel and the battle-smoke, which have since changed the destiny of the world. And while we may catch the physical enthusiasm from the determined spirit with which, on the bloody fields, our fathers resisted unto death, our patriotism must be inspired by the ideas which redeem those fields from the insignificance of skirmishes and the depravity of butchery, and must pledge itself to establish and unfold them in our country, according to the new needs and invitations of our age.

If the glory of the foundation of our land was in the establishment of a principle, the glory of its history must consist in the unfolding of that principle. True patriotism, therefore, which labors to keep a nation faithful to its mission, cannot be satisfied here, unless the idea of human worth and privilege, that awakened and supported our political struggle,

ripen and produce their finest spiritual fruit. In this respect, the growth of our country should be like that of an endogenous tree; the gradual developement of the life-principle at the centre manifesting itself in the nourishment of new products, throwing the old results, year by year, farther out into history, till the political effects of the Revolution become the gnarled root, and tall, hardy stem, which preserve and defend the active inward forces, that now unfold in leaves, and blossoms, and announce the harvest. In the peace movement, the temperance reform, the judicious and practicable schemes for the abolition of bondage, the attempts to discover a more Christian organization of society;—in every association and all effort that seek the highest welfare of man, and prepare the way for his free culture and rightful enjoyment, as a creature of God, the American idea justifies itself and culminates; and by strengthening this tendency, and only thus, can Patriotism be faithful to its law and vindicate its nature.

Every mention of the ideas to which our land is consecrated, and of the importance of its mission, calls up the crisis which we have recently passed through, and the danger with which, it is said, our land was threatened. Patriotism has learned to pronounce with emphasis the word *Union*. It is a hallowed word to it. It does not like to hesitate in uttering it. It has no desire that its tongue should falter with it, or merely lisp its utterance. But there is danger in our reactionary eloquence that, in eulogies of union and assertions that we must have it, we overlook or too slightly estimate the conditions of union. This country has an ideal character, a representative value. Its mountains were upheaved, its rivers were grooved, its prairies unrolled, its night-skies bent, for the home of an idea. Its glory cannot spring from vast extent, populousness, power, and wealth, but from the unquestioned dominion of an idea. If we are to be one, we must have a great unifying sentiment. "*Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable;*" that

is the marriage-vow, that alone can be the marriage-bond. We cannot vote ourselves together; we cannot keep ourselves together merely by cultivating superficial, or commercial good feeling. The unity of our nation—the most marvellous and splendid organism of history—may stand forever unshaken by the diversities of climate which it includes, by the variety of material interests,—commerce, agriculture, industry, which it enfolds; may indeed be all the stronger for the twisting of so many strands: but though nature made our vast landscape one; though it be interlocked by rivers, railways, and canals; though it be vascular with myriad arteries of human skill; though the geographer may find no place where he can split our country, the strife of hostile ideas will rend it as the valley yawns by the wrench of the earthquake. It is the office of Patriotism to see this, and to say it,—to say plainly and solemnly that no political unity, no charter however wisely concocted, or defended by the most stalworth mental muscles, can stand before the fierce and equal combat of two mutually destructive principles. There is no treason, no lack of Patriotism in saying this, unless it is unpatriotic to say that chemical wraths will not combine, and that powder and fire will not marry peaceably.

We need the feeling of brotherhood; we need to be knit together in ties of cordial amity; but no amity can be manufactured where the laws of spiritual affinity interpose a ban. Whatever peculiarities of State institution, however wrong and heinous, exist in separate members of the confederacy, let them keep undisturbed by interference from other States, until they choose to abolish them themselves. Whatever laws are demanded by a just and strict construction of the central compact, let them have, so long as we profess to have that charter, and let them not be forcibly resisted. But though the sun now breaks through the recent cloudy screen, if peace, harmony and strength are to bless our nation, there is one direction in which we must not go beyond the letter of

the bond. The "pound of flesh," but not a tittle more must be asked, not another fraction can be granted, not so much as will "turn the scale even in the estimation of a hair." What is local must be local. The inward, vivifying principle of our government must be sympathy with liberty; its attitude must be respect for liberty; the spread of its domain must be under the sanction and for the ends of liberty, or the inspiring sentiment of union and the bond of unity,—that which filled the hearts and quickened the intellects of the noble men who built our constitution, that which gives glory and renown to our charter, will wither and die.

"Behold," said David, "how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." But if the time is to come when a large section of our land insist that human bondage is to be sanctioned and extended wherever our banner and our eagles go; that the haggard genius of oppression must sit with equal privilege and honor with the spirit of freedom in the exalted seats of our confederacy, then—I utter only the simplest lesson of science—then there can be no unity, for we shall no more be *brethren*; the gulf of antagonistic ideas will divide us; the nerve of patriotism, in the best souls, will be shrivelled; for the ideal beauty of our nation will be expunged, its hovering genius will flee, and there will be no America to serve; and our glory, whose auroral promise tinges our first annals, and whose beams are now gilding the mountain-tops, will be stained with blood, and finally pale. Then, while he looks back and sees, as Paul saw in the past of his nation, that unto us pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the promise, and the fathers, and looks around to see the fatal faithlessness of the children to the divine idea and the providential intimations of the past, the only utterance of patriotism that will be possible, from the Christian breast, will be the sorrowful exclamation of Paul—"I could wish that I were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh."

Patriotism, then, is not only a legitimate sentiment, but a duty. The agency of an overruling and friendly power is suggested by the study of the critical seasons of our past history. But our patriarchal and heroic periods have passed. Having endowed us with the means of our own development, the divine agency retreats to leave the field to human responsibility. We cannot rely for our honors or safety upon the past; with the principle we must reject the privilege of primogeniture. We are here, by favor, to do a vast and noble work. "To whom much is given, of him will much be required." We may feel as we look upon our territory, which exhibits every zone, and represents lands that invite all varieties of industry, that God poured out our noble rivers and stretched our prairies on their level base, and unrolled our rich savannahs, and reared the pomp of our forests, and washed the long line of our coasts with generous ocean waves, and wove all these diversities into one, to be the home of no mean people, and the theatre of no paltry destiny. The world waits to see the quality and energy of our patriotism. The book of our country's history, preserved by human heroism and providential care, is handed to us, that we may inscribe there the records of its glory, or its shame.

In conclusion, Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, let our thoughts be cheerful, and our resolutions pure. I need not charge you, in the name of religion and of Christ, to love your country and to labor for its honor. You would be faithless to your own special history, to the instructions that gleam along your annals, if you falter in that spirit. Love your native land. Feel no scruple in welcoming and nourishing a peculiar affection for its winds and soil, its coasts and hills, its memories, its flag. You cannot more wisely love the world than by loving your country. You cannot more efficiently labor for the good of all men than by pledging heart, brain and hands to the service of keeping your country true to its mission, obedient to its idea. Let your patriotism draw its nutriment and derive its impulse

from knowledge of the representative America, as yet but partially reflected in our institutions and ideas. Be ready to yield fortune and life to advance and defend the truth which our country bears; and to pray God that the swords you bear may never be asked for by our rulers, until the time shall come when they will leap from their sheaths to resist oppression, encircle peace, or vindicate endangered liberty.